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Cambria Freeman.

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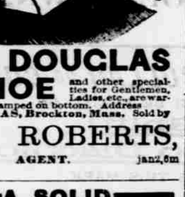

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TO OUR BABY.

There he lies in regal state
Peeping in at childhood's gate,
Opening wide his azure eyes,
Full of wonder and surprise;
Though the tenderest, sweetest thing,
Yet he reigns a very king—
Clad in garments of the best,
He will take his royal rest!

Softest lawn, and richest lace
Flutters round his dimpled face
Drapes his white and baby arm—
Not a fly must do him harm,
Not a willful foot must tread
Heavily about his bed;
Not a whisper—scarce a breath;
Let the house be still as death.

He is up! Our embryo king;
Get his rattle—get his ring;
Do his bidding, father, mother,
Aunt and uncle, sister, brother;
Let him feed, our youthful Heeto
On the richest, sweetest nectar
Let him not a moment wait,
All his wants anticipate.

When "our baby" grows a man—
Realize it if you can—
He will pay us more than double
For our daily care and trouble;
"May be not?" a voice unkind
Whispers rudely. Never mind;
Kiss our darling in his nest—
Let us hope, and for the best.
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Weekly.

THE RUSSET APPLES.

How They Helped to End Addy Walters' Trials.

A late March twilight, with a bitter frost in the air; the new moon just dipping its golden horn behind the maple swamp in the west, and the ground sounding crisply under foot. We had just come in from foddering the cattle—"we" sounds rather singularly when you reflect that it meant Kitty and I, two girls of seventeen and nineteen; but you see there wasn't any one else to do it. Father had been bedridden ever since that last attack of paralysis, and we could afford to hire no one to take his place about the farm.

"I don't pity them gals," Neighbor Dyson said. "They might sell the horse and cow."

Neighbor Dyson had generously offered us something less than half price for them, thinking, no doubt, that we would be thankful to jump at the chance. But Kitty and I, after taking the matter into consideration, thanked him, and declined politely.

"We couldn't keep house without old Mooley, could we, Addy?" said my sister. "There are so many nice dishes we can make for poor father, if we have plenty of good, rich milk and cream. And the butter that we should have to buy at Neighbor Dyson's city prices would go far to counterbalance the money we should get for Mooley."

"And as for the horse," said I, "he eats but a little; and how on earth could we get around the country, even to the post-office, such weather as this, if it wasn't for old Dobbin, that we have had ever since I can remember."

So it happened that on this special March evening we had just come in from attending to the wants of our live stock.

I was in great spirits, playing with pussy, who came to meet us with her plumy tail erect; but Kitty leaned sadly against the wooden mantel and looked into the fire with mournful eyes.

"Kitty," cried I, at last, "what does make you so dull?"

"To-morrow is the 3d of March," said she, gravely.

"What of that?" I demanded.

"Don't you remember? The interest on the mortgage comes due to-morrow."

"So it does," said I, my radiant face falling faster than the thermometer on a freezing day. "Thirty-five dollars! And we have nothing to pay it with except the fifteen dollars Laura Osgood paid for the old melodeon."

"Perhaps Willis Avery would wait," suggested Kitty.

I drew myself up, slightly.

"I don't choose to ask him to wait," said I.

Now, it happened that Willis Avery, who held the mortgage on our homestead, was the son of a neighbor and an old playfellow and boy-beau of my own, who had gone to the prosperous young city a few miles north of us and commenced business on his own account, and I had a particular aversion to asking aid or help of him in any way. I might be poor, but I was also proud, and Kitty was quite sympathetic enough to understand me.

"But, then, what are we to do?" said Kitty.

I sat down on the hearth rug, with my chin in my hands, and stared earnestly at the big crackling black logs. Pussy crept away and nestled down in the corner, as if she knew by instinct that there was a change of temperature.

"Look here, Kitty," said I, suddenly. "Those russet apples!"

"Well?"

"We can sell them. There are eight barrels at the least. Eight barrels at two dollars and fifty cents a barrel—"

"My dear Addy, no one will buy them at one-fifth the price. Apples are a drug in the market."

"Here, I grant you, but not in the city. I will take them to Mapleton and sell them."

"You will, Addy?"

"And why not? Squire Dyson would charge at least twenty per cent. commission, and make a favor of it at that. I can't afford either the price or the patronage. Don't say any thing about it to father. He would only fret and raise objections. What must be done, must be, and I am the girl to do it."

"But, Addy, how? All this seems so perfectly wild and visionary to me."

"Well, it needn't; for, believe me, it's the most practical thing in the world. All we have to do is to sort the apples out in barrels, nice and sound—I can easily do it by lantern light to-night—and to-morrow morning we'll rise early, harness old Dobbin to the lumber-wagon—"

"But how are we to get the heavy barrels up into the wagon?"

"Goosie!" cried I, laughing. "Can't I put the barrels up into the wagon while they're empty, and fill them at my leisure? And I'll have them sold at Mapleton before you've got the pork and cabbage boiling for dinner."

"But where will you go?" asked Kitty.

"Oh! I know lots of places. I went once to town with Obediah Fairweather, when he sold a lot of cheeses. I've pretty good idea of the locality of the commission stores, I can tell you."

"After all, Addy," hesitated my conservative little sister, "it isn't a woman's work."

"Why isn't it, I should like to know, so long as a woman can do it. At all events, a woman must pay her debts; so if you'll hurry up the tea I'll be off to the barn."

"And what shall we tell papa?"

"Oh! he'll think I've gone to singing-school with the Dyson girls, and I don't think it's a Christian duty to undeceive him," answered I.

But notwithstanding the brave face I put upon affairs, my heart quivered a little the next day as I drove off toward Mapleton, with the scarlet stain of sunrise dyeing all the east, and my own cheeks flushed with the keen morning air.

But it wasn't so bad, after all. With pardonable egotism, I supposed that every one would be staring at me; but on the contrary, a young woman selling apples might be the commonest sight in the world, so little comment or surprise did it apparently excite. Mr. Holloway, of the firm of Holloway Brothers, produce and commission merchants, didn't want any apples I speedily learned.

"Just bought a shipload from Albany," said he, as carelessly as if shiploads of apples were as common a purchase as ten cents' worth of tape. And I drove on, beginning to feel infinitesimally small.

Mr. Lovejoy could give me one dollar a barrel. "Apples wasn't worth no more at this season of the year!" And I whipped old Dobbin up, determined to carry them home again, sooner than sell at that price.

At the next place where I stopped a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man came out and critically examined my apples.

"Do they hold out like this all the way down?" he asked.

"I'll warrant them," said I, carelessly.

"How much?" he asked.

"Two dollars and a half a barrel."

He reflected.

"It's a good price," said he, as if he were talking to his own vest buttons; "but then they look like good apples, and we've a tolerably large Western order to fill. I'll see what my partner thinks."

He went back into the gloomy depths of his store, and I, happening to glance up, saw the words painted in black letters over the door: "Hull & Avery."

My first impulse was to drive on and leave the chance of a bargain behind me; my next to sit still and await my fate as Providence dealt it out to me. And presently out came Willis Avery himself.

"I think we will take your load if—why!" breaking short off, "it's Addy Walters!"

I colored scarlet.

"Yes," said I, as composedly as possible. "Good morning, Mr. Avery, I shall be obliged to you if you will examine the fruit as speedily as possible, as I am in a hurry."

"Oh, certainly." He looked as if a nipping frost had chilled his enthusiasm in the bud, and I secretly exulted within myself.

Mr. Hull bought the load of apples, and said if I had any more at the same price—and of the same quality, he cautiously added—he would be happy to take them. Willis Avery touched his hat, and I drove away as loftily as Queen Boadicea in her chariot of old.

* * * * * * * *

"Just $35, counting in the melodeon money," cried Kittie, gleefully. "And now Mr. Avery may come as soon as he likes!"

She had scarcely spoken the words before there came a knock at the door, and in walked no less a personage than Mr. Willis Avery himself. I received him with the air of an empress.

"Your money is ready, Mr. Avery."

"I was not thinking of the money, Addy," said he, almost reproachfully. "Do you think one's mind runs always on money?"

"Mine does, a good deal," said I, laughing.

"But I had no idea you were reduced to this. I did not know—"

"Mr. Avery, this is scarcely business-like," I interposed.

"Addy," said he, abruptly, "I admired your spirit and courage to-day. I always liked you as a girl, but now—"

"Well?" for he hesitated.

"I would do something more, if you would let me. I would love you!"

I did not answer. In truth and in fact, I could not.

"Dear Addy, will you let me sign back the old place to your father on our wedding day?" he asked earnestly.

And somehow he had got hold of my hand, and somehow, before I knew it, we were engaged.

"This is all very ridiculous of us," said I, "particularly as I have resolved never to marry since we had that quarrel about my dancing with Gerald Ferguson at the fourth of July picnic."

"I'll promise you never to be jealous again," said Willis Avery.

Kitty was jubilant when she heard it all.

"Our troubles are at an end," said she, "and all because you would take that load of russet apples to town yourself."

"That doesn't follow," said I, sagely. But for all my philosophy I did believe a little in fate, and I've always liked russet apples since.—Chicago News.

Mr. Oxley's Valuable Snake.

Thomas Oxley, a well-known farmer of Lincoln County, W. Va., has a queer pet. It is a huge black snake, eight feet six inches long. The snake has been an adjunct of the farm for twelve years and is considered by Mr Oxley as among his more valuable possessions. It stays about the barn summer and winter, and is the most indefatigable exterminator of rats, mice, and other vermin ever owned by Oxley. "Jim," as the snake is called, is perfectly tame and docile and answers to his name as promptly as the family dog or cat. He is fond of being petted by the family and seems to highly appreciate acts of kindness. Jim casts his coat at regular intervals of twelve months, and every one of his suits has been kept by Mr. Oxley.

Calculation on a Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that the single tuber was the only one left in the world? That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted, but 10 potatoes, in ten years the total product of that one potato would be 10,000,000,000 which would stock the whole world with seed. If the world were reduced to one single potato, it would be better that London or Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost.—St. Louis Republic.

AT THE GOAL.

They found him in the silent place
By his own fancy peopled fair,
Where gleamed on many a pictured face
The light his own had ceased to wear.

Yet in the sightless eyes the while
There seemed some ecstasy of trance,
And on the rigid mouth a smile
Of more than life's significance.

They looked upon the painted scene
Fraught with the magic of his mind,
The outlined purpose, clear and keen,
That never now should sequence find.

Alas—they said—his hand is still
That shadowed forth the growing thought
Powerless his subtle brain and will
That life to deeper meaning wrought!

Alas! alas!—again they cried—
To miss the vision almost found!
To fall upon the mountain-side
So near the summit glory-crowned!

But still the dead eyes gazed before,
Like one who sees the happy end;
And still the face transfigured wore
The look they could not comprehend;

For they that o'er him sorrowing bent,
And mourned the life too early done,
Wist not the smile's pale rapture meant
The dream fulfilled, the glory won!
—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Harper's Weekly.

TURFMEN'S BELIEFS.

Signs That Point to Good or Bad Luck.

How the Transactions of a Gambler Are Affected by Various Omens — Racegoers' Superstitions in Regard to Lucky Horses.

"That settles it. I don't make a bet to-day."

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Well, the man I bought this programme of is cross-eyed, and I met his gaze. That's one of the worst signs of bad luck I know, and I guess I'll let the horses run to-day."

This conversation was overheard at the entrance of a popular race-course, says A. F. Aldrich, in the New York Star. Gamblers, and particularly turfmen, are very superstitious. Every thing they see is either an omen of good luck or bad, and by these signs they are governed in all their transactions. The dread of a race-goer's life is a cross-eyed man. If a man meets a cross-eyed man when he is going to make a bet, it sends a cold shiver all over him. He will put his money away, and very often leave the track. If a cross-eyed woman is met and her gaze is encountered, a man will have luck all day.

At one of the winter tracks a woman who is a little cross-eyed is a regular patron. She gets tips from all the prominent turfmen on the track, and is said to make lots of money. She gets these tips because the men think it lucky to meet her gaze. She is a hoodoo to the women, though, and their particular mascot at the Clifton track is the cross-eyed young man who sings out: "Get your programme! Get your programme!" at the gate. His patronage chiefly comes from the women, and the men avoid him as they would a plague.

Many turfmen have very childish superstitions. If they see the name of a horse placed in any prominent position while on their way to the races, they invariably take that as a tip that that horse will win, and will play it. The horse may win, and then the man will tell his friends how he got the tip. Should the horse lose, he will declare that the name was placed prominently before him so that he should not play it and he mistook the sign. On the way down to the Monmouth Park races those who journey by the boat to Sandy Hook are always on the lookout for pilot boats. These boats are known by numbers, and the numbers are painted in large black figures on the mainsail. Should they be lucky enough to see a number, they will play the horse that that number points to on the programme in each race.

Around every race-track there are always to be seen a number of blind men. Some have been there for several years. Nearly all of them are beggars. A few of them peddle pencils and other small articles. Many of them are growing rich, and they are getting rich simply through the superstitions of the betters. An habitual race-goer thinks it is bad luck to pass a blind man without giving him a penny, and if a penny is dropped into the blind beggar's hat it will act as a mascot and bring the donor good luck for the remainder of that day.

"Did you back White Nose in the last race?" asked a race-goer of his friend in the betting ring at Sheepshead Bay on the last day of the meeting.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, hurry up and get your money on Fitzjames for the next race. It's one of the best things of the season, and Barnes is riding."

"I guess I won't touch it to-day."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, I laced my shoe up the wrong way this morning, and then unlaced it and laced it up properly. That's a sure sign of bad luck. If I had let it be laced wrongly I would have had good luck all day, but, like a chump, I didn't. Doing such a thing as that is such a hoodoo that if Salvator and Big Brown Jug were in a race together and I were to back Salvator, Lovell's plug would win."

Many of the big betters always carry a mascot of some kind or another with them. With some it is a cane, with others an umbrella. Some carry a piece of money, many of them having an old copper piece. Lots of them believe in some article of wearing apparel, which may vary from a sock to an old coat. The bookmakers seem to be particularly partial to coats.

A hunchback is always looked on with favor by patrons of the race course. This is where turfmen differ from theatrical men, as actors think a hunchback is a hoodoo, and have been known to refuse to play because they saw one in the audience. Turfmen think that to be able to touch the hump of a hunchback will bring them good luck all that day. They scheme in all kinds of ways to do so, and if one of these deformed men or women should happen to get into a crowd, his back is rubbed very considerably before he gets out.

Dreams have always been a favorite superstition with betting people. To dream of seeing a certain horse, or of seeing a certain horse win a race, is looked upon as a sure sign that that horse will win the next time he comes out, and these dreamers invariably tell their friends of their dreams. Some of the dreams that are supposed to be prophetic are very mysterious, and they require all the knowledge of a Daniel to be able to interpret them. These dreamers, though, seem to be able to make any of their visions point in some way to a certain horse.

Here is one dream that turned out very well. It is an odd one, and the man did not say whether or not he had been drinking the night before it was dreamed. The dreamer fancied that he was receiving all kinds of odd presents from every one he met. The presents were of no earthly use to him, and he could not make out why they were given to him. The dreamer was a man who had to hustle for a living, and when an elephant and a box of blocks were presented to him he found them decidedly in the way. Slippers arrived by the cartload. Canes and umbrellas were so numerous that he could have stacked a good-sized store. Among other things were a barrel of flour, several bottles of pickles, pieces of dress goods, a wig, a set of false teeth and a coffin. When he woke up in the morning he tried to interpret the dream. After puzzling over it for some time he decided that it must have been his birthday or Christmas. He eagerly looked over the list of entries in the morning paper, and finding that Birthday was entered in a mile-and-a-furlong race, felt sure that the dream was a tip. He told all his friends the dream, and they agreed with him. They made a trip to Sheepshead Bay that afternoon and played Birthday at eleven to five. Birthday won, and they celebrated the event in the evening.

On the same day that Birthday won, a young man went down to the race-course looking very weary and woe-begone. His friends could not make out what was the matter with him, as he was usually very lively. He appeared to be wrestling with some weighty subject in his mind which was altogether beyond his capabilities. His friends made him take a drink, joked and laughed with him, watched two races together; but the young man became more dismal every moment. Finally, after a deal of persuasion, and while the betting was going on for the third race, he was induced to tell his tale of woe.

The previous night he had a dream. He thought he was up in Maine having a glorious time. The weather was lovely. He, with some others, were camping out in the woods. They had made an excursion to the lumber region, and they were much interested in watching the men felling the trees. While asleep he was having a glorious time, but all day long he had been wondering what that dream meant. He was sure it was a tip, but could not see on what. Suddenly one of his friends grabbed his programme and made a hurried examination.

"Why, Woodcutter, of course," he exclaimed.

The three men rushed to the betting ring, and just as the horses were going to the post secured three to one against the colt. Woodcutter won, and the young man has been happy ever since.

Tips are now to be had from some new drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines. These machines have miniature race tracks attached. Half a dozen horses are fastened on wires and go speeding round the track when a nickel is dropped in. The color of the one that wins is carefully noted. The superstitious then study the programme for a similar color and play that horse. Sometimes they win and sometimes they don't. They have won often enough to make the superstitious believe in the tip.

To see a piebald or calico horse, as they are sometimes called, is a very good sign. To have a strange dog follow you in the street is also considered good luck. To have good luck during the day one must get out of bed on the right side, and the right foot must touch the floor first. Then there is the old superstition about seeing the new moon over the left shoulder.

Another tip which many of the superstitious are ready to take is given when the horses are at the post ready to start. Very often the saddle girths get a little loose, and the jockey will ask permission to dismount and have them tightened. The superstitious call this "putting on the cinch," and as soon as they see a boy dismount they hurry off to the betting ring to put on some money. It is rather curious to note that several horses that have had their saddle girths tightened when they have been at the post lately have won their races.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the South Fork of the Platte, they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands; and if they had not been diverted, wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.—Gen. John Bidwell, in Century.

Insurance Against Banks.

A company has been established to guarantee depositors in National, State and savings banks and trust companies against loss by reason of the suspension or failure of such institutions in which those guaranteed may have their deposits. In case of the suspension or failure of such an institution in which the party guaranteed has money on deposit, the company upon receiving evidence of the fact and a transfer of the claim with power of attorney to collect, pays the full amount due the guaranteed by the insolvent institution. The rates are as follows: For any amount not exceeding $300 $1 per year; for any amount not exceeding $500, $1.50 per year; for any amount not exceeding $1,000, $2.50 per year, and $2.50 for every additional $1,000 guaranteed. It is a New Jersey institution and has been incorporated less than a year.

The Struggle for Life.

A recent writer says that persons who earnestly desire to live can keep a mortal disease at bay much longer than those who are comparatively indifferent to their fate. A resolute determination not to succumb is, as every army surgeon knows, the salvation of many a wounded soldier, who without it would assuredly die.

TO MY MOTHER.

How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.
So gentle, too, my mother;
Just as of old, upon my brow,
Like benedictions now,
Falleth your dear hand's touch,
And still, as then,
A voice that grads me overmuch
Cometh again,
My fair and gentle mother.

How you have loved me, mother,
I have not power to tell—
Knowing full well
That even in the rest Above
It is your will
To watch and guard me with your love,
Loving me still.
And, as of old, my mother,
I am content to be a child,
By mother's love beguiled
From all these other charms;
So, to the last,
Within thy dear, protecting arms
Hold thou me fast,
My guardian angel, mother.
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A STRANGE CASE.

Why Wallace Harper Would Not Prove His Innocence.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush pervaded the courtroom as the judge addressed the young man in the prisoner's dock as above.

Wallace Harper turned his gaze for an instant toward me. I had defended the young prisoner to the best of my ability and the outcome was a verdict of guilty. From the outset I expected this, although in my utmost soul I believed the unfortunate man innocent. Circumstantial evidence, however, had encompassed him round so completely, it was impossible to override it. I could give the prisoner no look of encouragement. I merely looked dumb, perhaps stolidly indifferent, although I was far from feeling so.

Wallace Harper rose slowly to his feet, until he towered full six feet of noble stature, and gazed fixedly at the judge. His face was pale as death, and when he opened his lips and spoke, the words sounded hollow and unnatural.

"Your honor, what can I say on an occasion like this? I was foredoomed from the start. Our family has always been unfortunate. My father was killed in battle (Gettysburg) and my poor mother died of a broken heart. My eldest brother fell in one of the battles in the West, the youngest died of yellow fever at Memphis, some years ago, and *I* am the last of the race. I, it seems, am doomed to die on the gallows!"

He paused here, a hot flush shooting into either pale cheek. Would he break down and beg for mercy? It was not in keeping with his cool courage during the trial. I could not help pitying him, and feeling that it would have been much better had he refrained from speaking at all. I dared not look at his face for some moments. At length he was speaking again, and I ventured once more to look toward him. The flush had disappeared, and the prisoner's face was pallid as before.

"I know what the sentence must be, your honor," continued he, with awful calmness. "I have only this to say: I am an innocent man. I lay up nothing against the members of the jury. They thought they were performing a duty; but if there is a future life, in *that* future the truth will be with me, and I shall be vindicated."

He bowed his head and ceased to speak. His words had been impressive. To me they were convincing. I had moved for a new trial when the verdict had been rendered, on the previous day, and now had no more to say.

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday, November 9."

These were all the words that reached my ear. I rose to leave the room. The prisoner was led past. I glanced into his white face. A look of settled despair rested on every lineament. I bent forward and whispered a word of hope, mentioning the fact of my determination to move all the powers for a new trial. He said nothing, and soon the court-room was empty.

"It's justice. It was an infamous murder."

I started at sound of voices at my elbow. Two gentlemen were discussing the prisoner and his sentence.

I paused to listen.

"I knew Wallace Harper well. All of his family have died violent deaths. He had a good show with Donald Dunham. He had been with the old gentleman two years. I think the trouble was all on account of the girl, who they say is quite sick because of the death of her father."

"Did the girl think any thing of the clerk?"

"Some say so. I don't know. It seems 'twas on her account that Harper put poison in the old man's wine. It was a foolish as well as a wicked crime."

I walked on. The details of the murder had been recited too many times to interest me now. It had appeared on the trial that Harper was in love with his old employer's only daughter, and that Dunham had quarreled with his confidential clerk in consequence.

On the evening when he (Harper) was to depart Mr. Dunham called him into the library and requested him to drink a social glass of wine with him. It seem that Harper assented. An hour later Donald Dunham was dead. He had died in agony, and with his latest breath accused his clerk of having poisoned him. The dregs of one of the wine-cups were found to contain arsenic, the other being harmless. The confidential clerk was at once arrested, and in one of his pockets a package of arsenic was found. Such evidence was overwhelming. Wallace Harper sent for me, and I undertook his defense. I made as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

The ante-mortem testimony of Donald Dunham, together with the fact that the two had quarreled, and the finding of the poison in the pocket of Harper, was evidence that I could not overcome.

I went from the court-room to my own pleasant home feeling a weight on my mind that I could not shake off. A few hours later a messenger came to me from the prisoner, requesting an interview.

I at once repaired to the jail.

Wallace Harper greeted me with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand.

"I am satisfied that you did all that a human being could do, Mr. Nelson, and I want to thank you for it, and to tell you that it is my wish that you do nothing toward securing a new trial."

I expressed my surprise at this.

"It would only postpone the inevitable," he said. "Ill luck runs in our family. I suppose I was born to be hung!" and the laugh that followed made my flesh creep.

"But you are innocent?" I said, a sudden doubt coming, unbidden, to my brain.

"I am innocent. I hope you will never doubt that, Mr. Nelson."

A little later I left him, promising not to urge a new trial. I was satisfied that a new trial could not be obtained, and I had only entertained the thought, to delay matters as long as possible.

It was two months to the 9th of November. Much might be done in that time if there had been any foundation on which to stand. As it was, I tried to dismiss the prisoner from my mind and attend to other business. I could not do this, however, and the days and weeks passed, until one day remained before the day set for the execution of the condemned. On this day I visited Wallace Harper once more.

He had lost flesh, and I could see that there was much inward suffering. I became fully convinced that something rested on his mind, and I urged him to make a clean breast of it.

"It could do no good," he declared. "I will die without speaking." And then I left him.

As I passed from the jail another visitor was announced—a veiled woman. It was doubtless the man's sweetheart, come to visit him for the last time. She had been too ill to appear at the trial, and I had never seen her to speak with her since.

The night before the day set for the vindication of the law I passed miserably. I felt that an innocent man was soon to be launched into eternity.

In the gray wists of the morning of November 9 a veiled female walked to my door. I answered the bell in person, and I admitted the visitor to my office-room. Being seated, she threw aside her veil, revealing a young face, pale and thin, and almost beautiful.

Before she spoke I knew that she was the daughter of the late Donald Dunham.

"Is it too late to save Wallace Harper?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly too late," I answered. "Of course, if there was new evidence, of a positive nature, going to show that some other person committed the crime for which he is to suffer, I've no doubt we might save the young man. But—"

"I have that evidence."

"You have? Why in Heaven's name did you not speak sooner, then?" I cried, in a stern voice.

"I dared not," she said, slowly. "I—I must speak now; the world must know the truth. Wallace Harper is innocent. It was *I* who did the deed."

Her whole frame shook like an aspen

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JANUARY 16, 1891.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

HEADQUARTERS
DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
PHILADELPHIA, January 1, 1891.

The Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania will meet at the Bolton House, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday, January 21, 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Chairman and Permanent Secretary and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

BENJAMIN M. NEAD, Secretary. JAMES KERR, Chairman.

A FREE coinage bill was passed by the Senate, at Washington, on Wednesday.

A BILL pensioning General Custer's widow at the rate of $100 per month was introduced in the Senate on Monday.

THE California Legislature in joint session on Wednesday formally declared Leland Stanford elected to the United States Senate to succeed himself.

IN the Senate the Idaho Senators drew ballots for the terms of service, with the result that Senator Shoup secured the long term and Senator McConnell the short term.

EXCITEMENT was caused in Washington on Tuesday night by a false alarm of fire sounded from the box in the White House. It is supposed that the wires became crossed with the electric light wires.

THE latest advices from the Pine Ridge Agency indicate that the Indians are about to surrender. General Miles is pleased with the disposition manifested and proposes to give the Indians several days to consider the matter.

R. V. BELT Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been directed by the Secretary of the Interior to proceed to the Indian Territory and superintend the payment to the Creek Nation of the $400,000 authorized by the last Congress.

A CERTIFICATE of incorporation was filed in Springfield, Illinois, on Tuesday, by the Burton Columbian Tower Company, to build a tower 1,492 feet high, commemorative of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; capital stock, $1,000,000.

THE largest republic in the world and the only one in the world that has ever lived a century on a purely Democratic basis is the United States of America, which contains 3,260,000 square miles, being almost equal in extent to Europe, which has fifty-nine kingdoms, empires, principalities and republics.

STATE SENATOR WILSON, of Columbus, Ohio, has a letter from his son, Jeanne Wilson, second lieutenant in the Second artillery, stationed in the West, in which the lieutenant denounces in the severest terms the government Indian agents. "These agents," he says, "are a set of scoundrels, and the Indian bureau is rotten from top to bottom."

ACCORDING to the census returns there are but 244,704 Indians in the United States, all told. On grounds of economy soley, the Government might try the experiment of gathering the red men together and paying each person a liberal annual salary. It would be much cheaper than the cost of the administration of the Indian bureau in time past.

THE name of William S. Hammond, Esq., of Blair county, is being urged by his fellow members of the Bar and by the Republicans of Blair county upon President Harrison, as being a fit person to appoint to the vacant District Judgeship of the United States Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, made vacant by the resignation of Judge McKenna.

EMPLOYES of the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Harrisburg have been notified that their wages will be reduced after February 1, 8 or 10 per cent., or to the point where they were before the advance in November, 1889. That is another example of the way in which the McKinley tariff does not give the promised increase of wages to the working-men. One thing it does give is an advanced cost of the necessaries of life,

DURING the month of December last there were granted by the Pension Bureau 9521 increase cases, 3599 original invalid cases, and 5182 cases under the Dependent Pension act of June last. The pension agents' fees in these cases amounted to $236,985. At this rate the fees of these verminous infestations of an unclean system would amount annually to $2,843,820. When it is considered that the pension agent renders no legitimate service that the ex-soldier could not perform for himself, the waste and inquity of this annual swindle carried on under protection of the laws is at once apparent.

ANDREW H. DILL, United States marshal for the eastern district of Pennsylvania and ex-State Senator, died at his residence in Philadelphia Sunday, of Bright's disease. He had been unconscious over sixty hours before his death. Deceased was born in Baltimore in 1836. Soon after his birth his father, a methodist minister, moved to this State, settling at Lewisburg. He served a term in the State House of Representatives and two terms in the State Senate. In 1878 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor against Henry M. Hoyt, and the same year he was the Democratic caucus candidate against Senator Cameron. He was appointed United States marshal in 1887 by President Cleveland. The remains will be taken to Lewisburg for burial.

AFTER all the diplomatic verbage of the correspondence between Secretary Blaine and Lord Salisbury is cleared away says the *National Democrat* we get just about this for the net result.

England will not admit that we have exclusive rights in Behring Sea—will not admit that that is a "closed sea." But England is perfectly willing to enter into an arrangement for the protection of seals from extermation. Mr. Blaine replies that we have a right to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over Behring Sea, if we want to; but we don't assert the "closed sea" theory, and we are willing to arbitrate for the preservation of the seals from indiscrimnate slaughter. So the war with England is postponed.

This gets us back to where Mr. Bayard had to drop the matter. He took no stock in the "closed sea" theory, and was opposed to the capture of British sealers and secured the release of several of them. He simply asserted that if everybody hunted seals promiscously they wouldn't last three years, and he proposed that we and England, Germany, Russia, and Japan should enter into a joint agreement for the protection and perpetuation of the seal fisheries. The other Nations concerned readily assented to this, and then Mr. Blaine came along and asserted the „closed sea" theory and rejected arbitration. Lord Salisbury retorted that the "closed sea" theory would never be admitted, and that if, in the application of that theory, English sealers were molested England would fight. Then there was a brief lull in the correspondence, after which Mr. Blaine writes at interminable length that the evidence in favor of the "closed sea" theory is overwhelming, but that our Government does not assert that theory, and never did, and while it refuses to submit tweedledum to arbitration it is willing to arbitrate tweedledee.

And having fallen back on Mr. Bayard's position, Mr. Blaine concludes by quoting, as the best expression of his sentiments, a passage from one of the dispatches of Mr. Phelps, Minister to England under President Cleveland.

THEY have a fine muddle in Nebrasks. There are three men trying to fill the office of Governor. The Alliance members of the Legislature refused to recognize the Lieutenant Governor as the presiding officer and tried to prevent the canvass of the returns for State officers. An appeal to the Supreme Court resulted in the issue of an order to the Speaker to canvass the returns. This was finally done, and the Democratic candidate for Governor, Boyd, and the full Republican ticket, with one exception, declared elected. These officers were immediately sworn in. Powers, the Farmers' Alliance candidate, was declared elected by the Farmers' Alliance members, who have a majority of the Legislature, and he took the oath of office and it is said the Legislature will recognize him as Governor. Ex-Governor Thayer, Republican maintains that while Boyd, Democrat, has received a plurality of the vote canvassed, he is not eligible according to the constitution, and declines for that reason to give up the chair of State.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch*, one of the best newspapers in the United States will soon occupy its new granite fire-proof building on the corner of Diamond and Smithfield streets in that city, where with every facility that the inventive genius of man can supply for the requirements of a newspaper plant of the present day, it will daily issue out the news gathered from every quarter of the globe. The *Dispatch* is a newspaper in everything that the word implies and as its facilities for newsgathering in the past has been marvelous it promises in the future to even excel itself. In its politics it is independent Republican, discussing all political questions with fairness and expressing its honest opinion without regard to who it may hurt, If you want to keep posted on what is going on all over the country, as well as in Europe get the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

IN 1888 there were 4,000,000 bushels of oysters received at Baltimore from the Chesapeake Bay beds, but this season the receipts to the same date have fallen below 2,000,000 bushels, while packing-houses throughout the State are closed, and from all parts of the bay comes the story of exhausted beds. The violation of the culling law, and the consequent destruction of the young oyster, is responsible for this condition of things. The law is a dead letter, and a great industry is being ruined. Near ten years ago Professor Brooks, of John Hopkins University, uttered the warning against the wholesale depletion of the oyster beds: but the work has continued, and even now the oystermen do not seem to realize the gravity of the situation.

RECENT developments in this city, says the *Meadville Messenger*, are of a nature to modify the first impression in reference to the Delamater bank failure. There was general sympathy expressed for the members of the embarrassed firm and there is yet concerning some of them. But several transactions have been revealed that will require a large mantle of charity to cover, unless explanations and restitutions are promptly made. The hypothecating of county orders after they had passed into the County Treasury, or had once been paid, and other crooked transactions, are offenses that cannot be condoned.

DR. TANNER, who has gained considerable notoriety as a faster, has issued a challenge to Succi to sit down with him in Chicago during the World's Fair to test the matter in a ninety days' fast on water only, or, if Succi prefers, to let the fast continue from day to day till one or the other yields the contest. A contest of this sort would be a novel one indeed, but why is it that both Tanner and Succi are permitted to run at large with insane asylums on every hand?

Indian War About Over.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. Dak., via Ruseville, Jan. 12.—General Miles determined this morning not to parley nor confer with the Indians. He sent a message to the hostiles camped at the mission stating his terms. He said they must come into the agency in small squads, and go into camp on their grounds near the friendly Indians.

He would not object if they chose their own camping grounds, but the Brules and the Ogallallas must not camp together, and must submit to the laws governing the reservation. It is learned from official sources that this is General Miles' final action. If the Indians do not accept these terms General Miles will go after them, and there will be a fight.

Shots were heard on the outskirts of the camp this morning, but they were stray shots fired by the pickets. The Indians are at the mission, six miles away, and Father Jutz made arrangements with General Miles for a conference with the chiefs this morning. It is expected that the Indians will come in to-day, either as friendlies or hostiles, and the conference will determine which. Father Jutz informed General Miles that the Indians were in a friendly mood and inclined to come in peacefully.

Father Jutz says the Indians do not want to be disarmed. This is the keynote of the conference. If General Miles says they will not be disarmed, a peacable settlement will take place. A plan has been suggested to separate the Brules and Ogallalas, and send the Brules back to their reservations and turn the Ogallalas over to Captain Pierce, the newely appointed agent, to be disarmed or not, as he pleases.

Father Crafts was seen this morning. The venerable priest is slowly improving. He was asked what he thought of a peaceful settlement. He said: "The situation is very serious, and the Indians must be very carefully handled or there will be more trouble."

"What is the cause of this war, father?"

"The Indians have been starved and left naked; not this year only, but for years."

The attendant advised the priest not to talk any more, as he is not yet out of danger.

All of the hostiles reached the mission five miles out last night late. The troops are pressing them closely, and have guarded all avenues of escape. The delay in arriving is due to the lack of transportation. The head of the band reached the agency at noon. Few of them are armed, having hid their arms in the sand hills.

General Miles says the Indians are in bad shape, and have done well to get in as soon as they did. There is rejoicing at Pine Ridge over the peaceful outcome of the war. The Ogallalas were delighted to get back to the agency. The Brules were a little sullen, but now, as the Ogallalas have left them, they see the futility of attempting to fight. That the war is over is the general opinion of all.

Dodging the Women.

HARRISBURG, January 12.—There was a lively scene in the rotunda of the Capital to-night. Between six and seven hundred female applicants for positions as sweepers and scrubbers in the hall of the House and committee rooms congregated to learn their fate. As only about one hundred are employed the biennial gatherings of anxious women are generally followed by imprecations on the heads of dispensers of the positions from the unfortunate aspirants. As a precautionary measure Chief Clerk Morrison, who is the appointing person, absented himself and selected as his substitute to announce the names of the lucky persons Ed. Householder, who has charge of the elevator.

Householder, realizing that it would be perilous to make the announcements within reach of the disappointed women, took his position in the elevator, midway between the first and second floors, and as soon as he had completed the unpleasant task assigned him, rapidly descended to the basement and escaped from the wrath of those whom he had not on the list.

Although the scrubbers and sweepers receive only half a dollar a night, one of the applicants owns several brick houses and a large tract of land.

Severe Weather in Europe.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The Hamburg Underwriters' Association has urged the German Government to officiahy declare the Elbe closed to navigation. The steamers Kaffraria, Platessa and Borkum have been wrecked in the ice. The crews were saved. Other craft now in the river are in great danger.

At Fiume and Trieste, on the Adriatic the storm rages with unabated severity. In both cities all the theaters and other places of amusement are closed, and the streetcars have stopped running. The blizzard is so fierce that it is dangerous to venture out. Traffic is at a complete standstill, and the streets are almost totally deserted.

CORK, Jan. 9.—Great distress exists on the sea coast, and many families are almost perishing for want of food. At a meeting of the Board of Guardians of Clonakilty to-day a large number of laborers forced their way into the boardroom, and declared that they were driven to desperation by want; that they had had no work for many months, and that their families were starving. The Guardians promised to do what they could.

The Car Split in Two.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 11.—An electric car, crowded with passengers, on the Second avenue street railroad, jumped the track at the corner of Tenth street and Second avenue at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, and fell over a trestle about fifteen feet high. Maggie Delehauty was badly bruised and received internal injuries, and Thomas McClelland had his leg broken.

As the car was crossing the trestle at a rapid rate of speed it suddenly jumped the track, struck a piece of timber and rolled off into an old metal yard, one end of the car being in the metal yard and the other end on the trestle. As the car fell over it split in two lengthwise, The passengers were thrown on top of one another and into the metal yard. Some of them were picked up unconcious, but shortly after revived. It seems almost miraculous that no one was killed, but excepting the two persons mentioned the others seemed to have escaped with slight cuts and bruises.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do any thing to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and your liver and kidneys resume healthy action Try a bottle. Price 50c. at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W McAteer, Loretto.

Light-Weight Dollars.

The gist of the silver controversy lies wholly in the fact that 412½ grains of silver will not sell for a dollar. If so much silver should be worth a dollar there would be a sudden abandonment of the pressure for free silver coinage. If so much silver should be worth a dollar the issue of bullion certificates for the market value of the metal would satisfy the owners of bullion.

Suppose that Congress should pass a law that three pecks of wheat should make a bushel! The injustice of such a proceeding would be manifest. But the silver speculators insist that 75 cents worth of silver shall be made to pass for a dollar. Is there any good reason why the owners of bullion silver should have such an advantage over the owners of wheat or iron?

Up to the present time the Government itself has profited by the difference between the market price of silver bullion and the face value put upon the legal-tender silver dollars issued from the Mints. But the Government has received the silver dollars it turned out for a dollar's worth of taxes due to it, and it has kept them at par with gold thereby. With free coinage of silver the Government could no longer pay out gold dollars for silver dollars. It could not afford to lose the difference in value; and the result would be the establishment of a silver basis in this country, instead of a gold basis, with such a resulting overturn of all credits and all business as has not occurred since the Government levied a forced loan upon the country by making its paper notes a legal tender.

What is the necessity for such legislation?—*Phila. Record.*

A Wife's Crime.

GOSHEN, Ind., Jan. 11.—Mrs Frances F. Calkins, a handsome and innocent-looking woman, with beautiful bright eyes, was married to Edmund Calkins, a well-to-do farmer, last April. Three days later she and a man named Frank Hendry, with whom she had been intimate before her marriage, induced her husband to go boating with them

They returned thoroughly drenched without Calkins, who they said, had been drowned by the boat upsetting. The body was found three days later and the verdict of the Coroner's jury was "accidental drowning."

Shortly after, Mrs. Calkins applied to an insurance company for the payment of a policy made in her favor by Calkins. Payment was refused, the company suspecting foul play. Instead of pressing her claim, Mrs. Calkins silently disappeared a few days later with Hendry. They were subsequently indicted by the Grand Jury, and both were arrested—Mrs. Calkins in Niles, Mich., Wednesday, and Hendry in Chicago Saturday night.

Mrs. Calkins has made a full confession implicating Hendry. She says that after inducing her husband to will her all his property and insuring his life in her favor, they took him boating for the purpose of drowning him. They first drugged him and then pushed him into the river. Mrs. Calkins has been twice married before. Both were brought here last night.

The Bad Lands.

The Bad Lands of Dakota, mentioned so frequently of late, in connection with the Indian troubles in the northwest, are described as being composed of a white clay, which, by the actions of rains, has been cut into hillocks. They are not high, seldom more than 40 or 50 feet; but it is up one and down another the whole way. You cannot follow the water course, for there are none; a gully, 40 feet deep, with a foot and a half of mud at the bottom, is the nearest approach to a water course in the whole region.

At every few yards you must stop and, with spade and shovel, cut a path down the side of a hill in order to descend, and then up the side of the one opposite in order to get up again. The mud is as sticky as tar, and in going a few yards the wheels of a wagon become solid round cakes, and all the mules you can hitch to it will not be able to pull a foot further. Then the spades are brought and the wheels cleared, the operations being repeated two or three times in 100 yards. The extent of the Bad Lands in Dakota is probably 100 miles from north to south by 15 to 30 miles wide; and if the Indians can find a better stronghold in this country the plainsman would like to hear of it.

A Great Cattle Range.

KANSAS CITY, Jan, 11.—Ever since the cattlemen have been driven out of the Cherokee strip they have been trying to find some place for a range that would not be too far from the markets to be available. Such a range has been found and a syndicate of mortgage companies in this and Eastern cities has been formed for the purpose of consolidating the western part of Kansas into one vast cattle range.

The lands in that part of the State have been mortgaged to their full extent by the settlers and the continued droughts have caused such an exodus from them that the mortgage companies are finding themselves with thousands of acres on their hands which they can do nothing with in the way of selling or renting. It is understood that foreclosure sales of mortgaged lands amounting to over 1,000,000 acres have been ordered in the western tier of counties, and as all this land lies together it is to be rented to the cattlemen, or else the financial companies will use the range themselves and form a cattle syndicate.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial Dr. King's New Discovery holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles, free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

PLANS have been completed for the Mother House of the new religious order which is being formed by Sister Catherine, who was known before entering Mercy Convent as Miss Kate Drexel. The new convent will be built at Andalusia, not far from the Drexel homestead, near Philadelphia. It will cost $100,000 and will be known as the St. Elizabeth House.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—William Sullivan, of Fairport, New-York, has passed his 106th birthday.

—A 16-years-old girl secured a divorce in the Pittsburg courts a few days ago.

—Twenty-one deer have been killed in Sullivan county during the season just closed.

—There are 8,000 registered practicing physicians in Pennsylvania. Three hundred of which are women.

—Over 10,000 workmen were thrown out of work by the shutting down of the blast furnaces in the Mahoning and Shenango Valleys.

—An enraged cow, belonging to Daniel Kemmerer, of Alsace, broke her hind legs by falling, and with the bones protruding through the flesh she walked 500 yards.

—In the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania last year, one thousand and eighty-six persons were injured and two hundred and seventy-five killed outright.

—A Northampton county farmer who had some turkeys killed by dogs has made a claim upon the School Board for damages because the Board receives the tax.

—An Italian has been arrested in Pittsburg for swindling another. He sold his daughter for $120, and then the young woman fled with another more desirable suitor.

—The stables of the French Amusement Company, a traveling circus, were burned in Chicago on Monday morning and twenty-five or thirty horses perished, Loss $40,000.

—Daniel Heacock, of near Cambridge City, Iowa, it is believed, owns the oldest mare in America. She is 46 years old and was purchased by him during the Mexican war.

—William Canavan, a wealthy young man of Oakland, Luzerne county, was thrown from his sleigh on Friday night near his home and killed, his neck having been broken.

—William Thaw, of Pittsburg, whose estate has just been settled, was thought when he died one year ago to be worth $3,000,000. The estate in fact is said to sum up $20,000,000.

—The largest county in the United States is Custer county, in Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being larger in extent than the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island,

—It is estimated that $1,500,000 will be earned by the lumber industry of Warren county and vicinity by reason of the recent snow. A small army of men will be kept busy for some time, and the enforced idleness of last winter will be more than atoned for by the redoubled activity of this.

—Judge Mayer, of Clinton county, has refused to grant a liquor license to a woman. He says that women have no business behind a bar dealing out liquor to men, and that running saloons is not their mission. There is a great deal of truth in that statement, and Judge Mayer's action will be generally commended.

—Charles Culp and a companion named Miller started Thursday night for their lumber camp near Driftwood, Cameron county. They placed a sprawl of a log in the slide and then started down it. When part way down a big log came thundering down the slide. Miller succeeded in throwing himself out of its way, but Culp was struck and instantly killed.

—On Wednesday of last week a child was born in the family of William Dewalt, of Monongahela City, this State. The child came into the world possessed of only one arm. The father of the babe lost one of his arms in the battle of Gettysburg. Both the child's and father's left arms are off at the elbows. Mr. Dewalt has a large family. This is the only child of the family that is in any way deformed.

—The 15-year-old daughter of Isaac Hastings, of Monongahela county, W. Va., was in the room warming a cloth with which to ease an aching tooth, when her clothing caught fire and she was burned to death. The family shepherd dog, moved by her screams, fought the fire like a demon, tearing the clothes from the girl with his paws and mouth until severely burned and the hair was singed off from many parts of the brute.

—Thomas Maley, proprietor of the hotel at the Bethlehem Iron Company Junction, who has been incapacitated from work for eight months, was taken very sick Friday. During the attack he was seized with violent spasms, and vomited a fish two and one-half inches in length. He said he felt better and declared that he was now going to get well. Mayley is of the opinion that the fish was in his stomach for eight months and was the cause of all his pain and sufferings.

—The temporary depot of the Philadelphia & Reading at Annville was entered by robbers on Friday night. They entered with drawn revolvers, covering both the telegraph operators, and demanded that they hand over the money in the safe. One of the operators succeeded in gaining the door, and was fired after by the robbers without being hurt. The noise led to the robbers' hasty retreat. They secured only eight dolars. This depot has been the subject of a dozen attacks by robbers and incendiaries within the last few years. Several weeks ago the depot proper was burned by incendiaries.

—The American Harvester Company Combine, which was organized a month ago with a capital of $25,000,000, was broken Thursday night by the withdrawal of the McCormick Harvesting Company, the Deering Company, the Whitman-Barnes Manufacturing Company, and the firm of Warder, Bushnell & Glassner, at Chicago. The firms named withdrew, it is said because of their disatisfaction with the line of policy mapped out by the majority of the directors in the matter of raising prices on the farmers and the consolidation of the interests of the supply houses to the disadvantage of their customers.

—FarmerGeorge Wilson, who lives in Franklin township, Beaver county, was in Beaver Falls Saturday and told of a most remarkable experience three of his sheep had during the late severe storms. The animals were missed during the snowstorm the night after Christmas, and were not found again until last Friday, when a farm hand discovered them in a hollow where the snow had drifted to a depth of twenty feet. A hole was shoveled into the drift and the sheep were rescued safe and sound. Their hunger had driven them to eat every bit of wool on each other's backs. They had also consumed such a quantity of snow that they stood in a veritable chamber. The room they had made was twenty feet in circumference and five feet high. They seem to be of great interest to the other sheep, who recognize their fellows, but are unable apparently to account for the entire absence of wool

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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DRESS GOODS—Over 100 pieces Half Wool Dress Goods, good styles and colors, at 10c, down from 12½c, to 5c.
20 pieces 36 inch Fine Wool Trieots at 25c., worth 37½c.
1 lot of 52 inch Cloths in Grey's and Browns, to be given away for 25c
Over 75 pieces Plaids and Stripes, 36 inches wide, nearly all wool, at 12½c., worth 25c. to 45c.
15 pieces All Wool Plain Color Cloths, 36 inches wide, 29c., worth 40c.
About 150 pieces All Wool Cashmeres all colors, 39 cents, worth 50c.
40 cut 140 pieces All Wool Plaids and stripes, 39c., marked down from 50c.
Lot 54 inch Home Spun, All Wool 68c., marked down from 85c.
Over 40 pieces Buck and White Dress Goods, 46 inches wide, at 29c., marked down from 50c.
Fine Imported Novelties, choice styles, worth $1.50 to $2.25, now $1.00 to $1.50.
FLANNELS—70 pieces, 32 inches, All Wool Country Flannels, Plaids, Stripes, etc., all at 12½, marked down from 20c.
20 pieces of All Wool Country Flannels at 20c., marked down from 25c.
40 pieces Fine All Wool Plaid Flannels at 25c., worth 33c.
About 125 pieces finest German All Wool Flannels, in Plaids, Stripes, etc., for Ladies' Wrappers and Children's wear, at 35c., worth 50c.
CLOAKS, WRAPS AND JACKETS, BOTH MISSES' AND LADIES'
ALL MARKED DOWN.

About 80 Jackets	at $ 4.75;	were $ 7.50 to $10.00,	
" 25 Jackets	at 10.00;	" 20.00 to 25.00,	
" 75 Newmarkets	at 4.75,	" 7.50 to 10.00,	
" 50 "	at 7.50;	" 12.00 to 15.00,	
" 45 "	at 10.00;	" 15.00 to 20.00,	

We have still a large and choice stock of over 2,000 garments—the Newest and Best Styles (some just in this week) in Jackets and Wraps.
To make this store undoubtedly the Best Place for you to do your shopping, we have marked these from $1.00 to $5.00 less than regular price.
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SPECIAL—2,000 lbs. Knitting Yarn in Black, Cardinal, and all the best colors, 60c. per lb.; 5c. per skein. Marked down from 90c.

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Not to Split!
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THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
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Clothing! :: Clothing!

Having returned from the Eastern cities I am now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices in the county. As I buy and sell for cash, I can and will sell you Clothing at prices that defy competition. Never before have the people of Cambria had such an opportunity of buying first class goods at such low prices. Call soon and see my stock, learn prices and be convinced.

Very Respectfully,
C A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A

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Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED
SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

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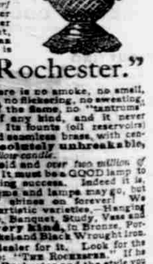

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FRIDAY. - - - - JANUARY. 16 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—When you want first-class job printing give this office a trial. Prices the most reasonable.

—Mrs. Ann Edwards, died at the residence of her mother Mrs. Ann Evans, in Ebensburg, on Sunday last, aged about 53 years.

—Mr. Francis Illig, of Carroll township, was in town on Monday and added his name to the FREEMAN'S large list of subscribers.

—Mrs. Dr. Bradley, of Gallitzin, spent Sunday in Ebensburg, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bender, of the Cambria House.

—The Court on Monday appointed Geo M. Reade, W. Horace Rose, Jacob Zimmerman, H. H. Kuhn and Alvin Evans, Esqrs., as Bar Committee for 1891.

—Miss Jessie Letz and Miss Estella Waltz, both young ladies of Carrolltown, who spent several days in Ebensburg visiting friends, returned home on Tuesday.

—A brakeman named Wm. O'Connor, of Altoona, was instantly killed by being run over by a train, in the yard in Altoona, on Friday. He was about 23 years old, and unmarried.

—Three Hungarians have been arrested at Braddock, and committed to jail to answer for the murder of Michael Quinn, who was killed in the riot at the Edgar Thomson steel works on New Year's day.

—For sale or rent.—A house of seven rooms in the East ward of Ebensburg. Will be sold on easy payments. Possession given on the 1st of April next. Call on the subscriber for terms. HENRY BYRNE,

—Sheriff Stineman on Wednesday read the death warrant to Harry Marsh the condemned murderer who was visably affected during the trying ordeal. Only six weeks more on earth for the unfortunate man.

—Henry C. McCord, a railroad brakeman was badly squeezed between the tank of an engine and the door of a round house in Altoona, on Monday night and died from the result of his injuries the next day.

—Mr. P. M. Kinney, the well-known butcher and stock dealer, of Wilmore, drove up to Ebensburg, on Monday and notwithstanding the unpropitious weather went seven miles farther north before returning home.

—Lost.—On the road between Ebensburg, and Loretto a gray, barred double shawl. The finder will confer a favor on the owner by leaving it at the Livery stable in Loretto, or at the FREEMAN office in Ebensburg.

—The largest specimen of the bovine species ever recorded was the 4,900-pound ox raised by Samuel Barely, in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, and exhibited at centennial exposition in Philadelphia.—*Chicago Evening News.*

—Judger Barker finished up the Argument list on Thursday, when Court adjourned until Thursday, the 22nd, inst. Judge Krebs, of Clearfield, will sit on that day for the purpose of hearing arguments in cases in which Judge Barker was concerned.

—Valentine Vinisky, a Polander who had been a resident of Altoona for the past five years and a boarder at the West End Hotel, during a fit of despondency on Sunday evening committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a revolver.

—Furs! Furs!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, gray fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and skins. From 15 cents to $1.00 will be paid for skunk skins.

—The Ebensburg Summer School will open on Monday, April 20th, for a term of ten weeks. It will be taught by T. B. Allison and E. E. Conrath. Everything possible will be done by the teachers to make the school successful. Write to the principals for information.

—Dr. James E. Gamble, a prominent physician of Altoona, died on Wednesday afternoon in a house on Bridge street while making a professional visit. He was taken suddenly, and died in a very few moments. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from brain hemorrhage.

—Mr. Thomas Gittings and Bat Hobart, two of Clearfield township's best citizens braved the wintry blasts on Monday and drove overland to this place. It was a rough trip and when they called at the FREEMAN office they were not inclined to make the return trip the same day.

—Governor Beaver on Friday afternoon issued the following death warrants: William West, Washington county, Thursday, February 26th; Harry Marrah, *alias* March, Cambria, same date; George W. Moss, Luzerne, Wednesday, March 25th; William Stanley, Carbon, same date.

—The collector of Cambria township, will be at the township school house in the borough of Ebensburg, on Saturday January, 31st, 1891 between the hours of one and five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving the school tax of said township. Five per cent. additional will be charged on all such unpaid tax after that date.

—In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Vito Gundgo, indicted and convicted at December sessions with assault and batery with intent to commit rape, the defendant was sentenced on Thursday to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and costs and undergo an imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for a term of one year and six months.

—The following named persons were elected directors or the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county on Monday: George M. Reade, Henry J. Hoppel, James M. Thompson, John J. Evans, Webster Griffiith, C. T. Roberts, H. Kinkead, John Lloyd, John G. C. Bearer, William J. Buck, John C. Gates and John A. Blair.

—Mr. W. I. Bennett, of New Washington, accompanied by his father, Dr. Ash Bennet, passed through this place on Tuesday. Mr. Bennet will remove his printing office from New Washington to Lilly, this county, where he will start a four column paper. The new paper will be called the Lilly *Vidette*, and will probably appear about the first of February. —*Hastings Tribune.*

—Hon. Daniel McLaughlin, formerly of Johnstown, has resumed the practice of law in Pittsburg. He was the most prominent criminal lawyer at the Cambria county bar "before the flood," but in the rush of water he was severely injured and partially paralyzed. Mr. McLaughlin's health has been restored, and he has decided to remain in Pittsburg, where he has been since the fatal break in the South Fork dam occurred.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—Brook trout fry will soon be ready for distribution from the Pennsylvania State hatchery at Allentown and Corry. Two thousand fry will be sent free of expense to the nearest railroad station. Application may be made to the following commissioners: H. C. Ford, 1823 Vine street, Philadelphia; James V. Long, 75 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster; S. B. Stillwell, Scranton; L. Strecher, Erie, or W. J. Powell, Harrisburg.

—Mr. Robert McBreen, of this place, has gone to Loretto, to take charge of the bar in the Christy hotel. The Loretto people will find Bob an affable and agreeable gentleman and we commend him to their good graces.

—Orders have just been issued by the Second Assistant Postmaster General of the United States directing that all the mails handled on the various railroads be weighed by the railroad officials, beginning on January 15. This will be kept up until March 25. The weight during the time named will form the basis for the contract price to be paid the railroads by the Government for carrying the Mails until the next time weighing is ordered. This is done every four years.

—Col. J. W. More, the millionaire coal and coke operator of Greensburg, was almost fatally stabbed on Friday, night with a butcher knife in the hands of his son Bert. The two were in the sitting room of Mr. More's house, when Bert suddenly attacked his father with a knife, cutting a deep gash in his left side. A neighbor who was passing by heard the noise and, running in, caught Bert and held him until the police came, when he was taken to jail. The cause of Bert's act is not known. He has been leading a rather wild life of late and was intoxicated at the time.

—The Lieut. Hugh Jones' Camp Sons of Veterans held a banquet and dance at the Blair House in this place on last Friday night. After the supper table was cleared the large dining room was utilized for dancing purposes, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the "wee sma' hours" in the morning. The members of the post as well their sweethearts in attendance, are unanimous in their praise of the host and hostess of that well-conducted hostelrie, who spared no pains in their efforts to make the banquet and dance one of the pleasant memories that will be referred to often when the boys are numbered among the veterans.

—Thomas Denny, a railroad brakeman whose home is in Altoona, was the victim of a painful accident on Saturday afternoon near Portage. In attempting to make the coupling between two cars, one of which carried an oil tank, the four fingers of the right hand were smashed off. He had entered the link with his left hand and had hold of the end of one of the cars with his right. When the cars came together the oil tank slid forward and before he could withdraw his hand from the edge of the car the tank had caught his fingers, smashing them off. He was admitted to the hospital, where the injured members received proper attention,

—The work of taking testimony in the contested election case of Mr. Thomas H. Greevy, of this city, against Congressman Scull, for the seat in the next Congress from this district, was begun on Tuesday. Recorder Doyle is receiving the evidence of the witnesses. Mr. Lisenring is taking care of the interests of Mr. Greevy and Mr. Scull is represented by Messrs. J. D. Hicks, W. S. Hammond and F. J. Koozer. The time Tuesday was taken up by the presentation of documentary evidence and but few witnesses of the large number which have been summoned were heard. The witnesses now being heard are mainly from this city, but the entire district will furnish testimony before the taking of the evidence is completed, which is believed will not be for over a month.—*Altoona Times.*

—On Friday last, while Mr. William Tierney, of Cambria township, was in town attending to some business he left his team and sled standing on the street near Kirschner's tannery. The team got frightened at something and started to run. Up High street the team ran at a break-neck pace keeping the middle of the street until they reached the Central Hotel when they took the side walk on the South side and followed it for two squares to Center street where they turned the corner and ran to O'Hara, Brown & Luther's livery stable where they were captured. Notwithstanding there are several porches on that side of the street and numerous shade trees along the curb, and in many places the space between the porches and trees is so narrow that it could bother a good driver to engineer a team through on a walk, none of the trees, porches, or sled were scratched and the horses escaped unhurt. Several pedestrians on the street hustled to get out of the way, but all made their escape in time.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, January 14th, 1891:

John Bauer and Thresa Gabriel, Johnstown.

Charles G. Graham, Conemaugh, and E. Maud Seyler, Johnstown.

Robert Henderson and Johanna Mary Hayes, Johnstown.

Michael Cassidy, Munster township, and Mary Magdelin George, Washington township.

August Walter and Augusti Pohl, Brownstown.

Walter F. Dowling and Irene O'Brien, Johnstown.

John Banjak and Katharine Klemark, Johnstown.

Mike Wargo and Yefka Midlar, Johnstown.

Daniel Staley and Charlotte Knipple, Stonycreek township.

Joseph C. Clarke and Katie M. Glock, Johnstown.

Michael Runsnak and Annie Balok, Johnstown.

George Hart, Morrellville, and Mary Ann O'Neil, Johnstown.

William Girth and Emilie Keidel, Morrellville.

George Lagk and Mary Namal, Johnstown.

The Terrible Indian War.

Now in progress, excites universal attention, and a history of the thrilling events connected with it will be eagerly sought after. The enterprising publishers, S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford, Conn., have in preparation and will as soon as possible after the battle, issue a work of about 500 pages, by W. Fletcher Johnson, author of "Johnstown Flood," giving a graphic sketch of "Sitting Bull, the Medicine Man," and the leading chiefs, and a complete richly illustrated history of the whole terrific struggle.

Agents should write at once to the publishers, who give liberal terms and pay freight.

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Stineman sold the following properties at Sheriff's sale on Monday:

All the right, title and interest of William O. Stephens, of, in and to a certain tract of land situated in Carroll township, containing 160 acres. Sold to A. Bender for $745.

All the right, title and interest of Daniel Kline, of, in and to a tract of land in Chest township, containing three acres. Sold to J. W Luther for $12.

All the other properties advertised for sale were either stayed or continued.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, Brulses, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Happy and content is a bride with "The Rochester;" she lives in the light of the morning. *To learn more, write Rochester Lamp Co, New York.*

Argument Court.

The following cases were disposed of at Argument Court which convened here on Monday:

Commonwealth vs. Lemuel Griffiith. Motion in arrest of judgment. Motion sustained, costs to be paid by the county.

Commonwealth vs. William F. Cook. Motion for new trial. Motion withdrawn. Sentence suspended.

Clarence Farber vs. Haywood Coal Co. Motion for new trial. Motion overruled.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Krotendorfer. Motion for new trial. Argued and held for advisement.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Rhody. Motion for a new trial. Motion withdrawn.

Commonwealth vs. Vito Guadogo. Motion for new trial. Motion overruled.

Henry Mellon vs James Rager. Certiorari. Proceedings affirmed.

Esther Bomgardner ys. Samuel Bomgardner. Rule to show cause. And now, to wit, the 14th January, 1891, respondent ordered to pay libelant $50 counsel fee and $1.00 per week until further order of Court.

John Quinn vs. Conrad Lintz. Rule to show cause. Judgment opened.

In re petition to open Locust street, Johnstown. Exceptions. Argued and held for advisement.

On A. L. Avner vs Harris' petition. Petition to open judgment. Rule absolute.

In re report of John P. Linton, Esq., auditor to distribute money arising for Seese estate. Exceptions overruled and report confirmed absolutely.

In re petition of A. J. Moxham to have satisfaction of mortgage stricken off. Rule absolute.

Wm. Craig vs. Conrad Hornick. Certiorari. Rule absolute.

In re rule on Charles Dross. Rule absolute.

Mrs. Sarah Beattut vs. Fred Beattut. Petition to open judgment. Rule absolute.

Mrs. Sarah Beattut vs. Fred Beattut Petition to open judgment. Rule absolute.

Valley Pike Co. vs. Christian Schlagle. Petition to open judgment. Judgment opened.

Eliza Jane Vivian vs. William Richards et al. Scire Facias. Judgment directed for Lewis Williams terre tenant.

Martin McDonald vs. James Hoover et al. Petition to open judgment. Argued and held for advisement.

Joseph Malchonson vs. Clark Loughry. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged by consent.

Poor Directors vs. Jacob Thomas et al. Rule to show cause. Argued and held for advisement.

John S. Blair, assignee, vs. P. N. Stoy. Rule to show cause. Rule discharged.

In re report of M. D. Kittell, Esq., auditor in Peter Meyer estate. Rule to show cause. Argued and held for advisement.

In re petition of Jacob W. Smay to satisfy mortgage. Decree filed.

Smith & Robinson vs. F. A. Burk. Petition to open judgment. Judgment on *non pros* stricken off.

In re petition to abolish Ind. School district of South Fork. Rule to show cause. The Independent School district of South Fork is abolished in pursuance of the prayer of the petitioners.

Atlas Publishing Co. vs. J. G. C, Bearer. Rule to show cause. Leave granted to file appeal.

Atlas Publishing Co. vs. L. Wyland. Rule to show cause. Leave granted to file appeal.

Use H. O. Hurlburt & Sons vs. A. W. Luckhart. Petition to open judgment. Judgment opened and issue framed.

Wallace Assignees File Bond.

S. J. M. McCarrell, of Harrisburg; A. O. Smith and W. E. Wallace, assignees of W. A. Wallace, filed their bond on Saturday morning at Clearfield. Judge Furst, of Centre county, was in town and approved it. The bond is given for $1,655,000. J. W. Wrigley, assignee of D. L. Krebs, also filed his bond in the sum of $120,000. It was approved by Judge Furst,

The inventory of Senator Wallace's property shows an aggregate of $950,000. From this are to be deducted the recorded liens and the pledged assets, which are about $655,000, leaving $355,000 free assets. This is probably three fold of the amount of unsecured debts. The personal debts of Mr. Wallace are about $400,000, including the debts secured and unsecured. The appraised value of the real estate to be sold on January 30th is $324,200, upon which are liens for about $200,000. His other property in Clearfield county is appraised at about $513,000. This includes his interest, about seven-eighths, in 5,300 acres of coal land conveyed to the Clearfield Creek Coal Company, upon which there are four mines in operation an others opening. The appraised value of his interest in property beyond Clearfield county is about $150,000. This includes stock in and claims against valuable mining properties in Pennsylvania, California, Colorado and Idaho which were appraised at about one-third of the cash actually invested in them by him.

School Report.

Following is the report of Ebensburg schools for last school month.

TEACHERS.	Room	Average Enrolled. Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Average attendance. Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Visits.
Allie Lloyd	1	36	23	59	31	48	48	
Effie Myers	2	26	30	56	20	24	44	6
Maggie Shenkle	3	28	15	43	24	12	36	2
Annie Jones	4	12	24	36	8	20	28	4
T. B. Allison	5	12	10	22	11	7	18	9
Totals		114	102	216	94	116	174	21

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during month:

Room No. 1.—Charles O'Hara, Jesse Evans, Bertie Connell, Arthur Hill, Joseph Davis, Harry Jones, Walter Apel, Carl Englehart, Fern Ludwig, Bertrice Mower, Lida Davison and Flora Weaklen.

Room No. 2.—Ethel Shields, Lizzie Ludwig, Gertie Hill, Nita Evans, Mattie Esterline, Ernest Weaklen, Arthur Evans, Edson Hill and David Lngwig.

Room No. 3.—Floy Stiles, Annie Owens, Bessie Evans, Eddie Davison, Eddie Craver, Mettie Craver, Willie Cole and Peter Ludwig.

Room No. 4.—Blanche Folsom, May Griffiith, May Davis, Jennie Dinsmore, Mary McCabe, Minnie Craver, Ida Craver and Harry Shenefelt.

Room No. 5.—Fred Jones and Emma Davison.

Class leaders.—Room No. 2, A class, Ethel Shields; B class, Pearl Kruis; Room No. 3, A class, Willie Cole; B class, Alice Weaklen; Room No. 4, A class, Minnie Craver; B class, Ada Jones.

The Fair

At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Ebensburg Agricultural Society, held at the council room in this place, on Saturday evening, a constitution and by-laws were adopted after considerable discussion.

On next Saturday evening a meeting will be held for the purpose of placing in nomination permanent officers and transacting such other business as may be required. On the following Saturday, January 24th, the election of officers will take place between the hours of 2 P. M. and 6 P.M.

On Saturday the proper officers of an Association settled with Mr. Fred Davis, for the building of the fence, paying him in full the sum of $632.18.

All Pleased.

BRADFORD, Conn., Nov. 29, 1890.

All present, so far as I was able to learn, were very much pleased with "Living Pictures," and should they appear again, am sure they would be greeted by a very much larger audience than before.

C. W. GAYLORD, Mgr. Opera House.

Will be at Opera House, Ebensburg, on Thursday, January 22nd.

Correspondence.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., Jan. 12, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR:—A joint institute of the teachers of Clearfield township and Chest Springs was held at the latter place on Saturday afternoon last. Supt. Leech and Prof. Biter were in attendance. The latter gentleman gave an instructive talk on primary arithmetic, and was followed by Supt. Leech. A recitation by Miss Maud Perry. Mr. Cramer opened a talk on tardiness, which was further discussed by Miss Randall, Miss Mcalley, Miss Callahan, Messrs. Biter, Carl, Somerville and Leech. Messrs. Somerville and McCormick discussed "How to secure apparatus." Miss Randall read a paper entitled "The Chest Springs Tell-Tale," but we won't tell the tale she told of your correspondent for fear of a curtain lecture when we go home.

The next institute of this district will be held in St. Augustine on Saturday, February 7th.

Rev. Father McEvoy desires to extend his thanks to the people of Altoona, Ashville, Fallen Timber, Chest Springs, Loretto, Carrolltown, Gallitzin and other neighboring towns for their liberality in patronizing the fair which is a pecuniary success.

Mrs. Andrew Carl, who has charge of the supper table, knows how to have oysters, chicken, turkey, etc., done up in Delmonico fashion, and Mr. Andrew Carl, who has charge of the musical department, is an expert violinist who has few equals in the county. Mr. Sylvester Luther is a member of the building committee and is a man of marked executive ability. He formerly lived near Carrolltown where the building of churches is reduced to a science. Mr. Eugene Ivory is a most efficient floor-manager, and space will not permit us to mention the names of a host of other earnest workers for the erection of the new church. The preparations are progressing favorably, many stone being now on the ground, and by the time the fair closes $1,000 will have been realized.

A highly artistic work made and donated to the fair by Miss Amelia Delozier, of this place, is a piece of flowers made of white wax. It was won by Rev. Father Ryan of Loretto.

Mr. Ed. Dunegan, Jr., who narrowly escaped having an attack of pneumonia last week, is able to be about again.

Miss Julia Deloder, who was off duty the greater part of last week on account of an attack of neuralgia, has returned to her school in Allegheny township. M.

"Living Pictures."

The people of Doylestown enjoyed a novel entertainment last evening. It was refined and intensely humorous, and the many who attended went away highly pleased with what they saw and heard. The "Living Pictures" were something entirely new, while the musical features were excellent.—*Doylestown Democrat.*

At the Opera House, Ebensburg, on Thursday eveving, January 22nd.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Orphans Court Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1891,

at one o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A piece or parcel of land situated in the township of Munster Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a beech (now down), a corner of Casper Biter's land; thence south sixty perches, with said Biter's land, to a post; thence south seventy-four degrees east fifty-seven perches, with Nicholas Freidhoff's land to post; thence south one hundred and twenty perches, with same land to a post; thence south seventy-four degrees east thirty-eight perches, with Sarah Dilworth's land, to a beech; thence north one hundred and eighty perches, with land of Charles Kennedy and others, to a sugar; thence north seventy-four degrees west ninety-five perches, with land of Samuel Leach, to the beginning, containing

49 Acres,

and allowance of six per cent. for roads etc.

Also a piece or parcel of land in said township of Munster, adjoining the above described land, beginning at a post at the end of the line running south one hundred and twenty perches; thence south sixteen perches to a post or pointer; thence east seventy-four degrees east fifty inches to a post or pointer; thence north sixteen perches with land now or formerly belonging to —— Mc-Manamy, to beech; thence north seventy-four degrees west twelve perches to a post or pointer; same course thirty-eight perches with said Joseph Freidhoff to the beginning, containing

4 ACRES AND 96 PERCHES,

with the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads, etc.

The two pieces of land above described, will be sold in one whole piece. There is

A Log House,

and also a LOG BARN and other out-buildings erected on said premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years after the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by a judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

SIMON CONRAD,

Administrator of Henry Freidhoff deceased.

Lilly, Pa., January 16th, 1891.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McGuire, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to me. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

E. A. BUSH,

Executor of Margaret McGuire, deceased.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1891-6t.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Agency for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. In the matter of the account of Anthony Anna, administrator of J. H. Wolf, deceased. Having been appointed auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of said accountant to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, the 5th day of February, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested may appear or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. DONALD E. DUFTON,

Ebensburg, Jan. 9, 1891. Auditor.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that M. A. McGonigle and Mary C. McGonigle, his wife, have made a voluntary deed of assignment of all the estate, real, personal or mixed, of said M. A. McGonigle, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said M. A. McGonigle. All persons indebted to said M. A. McGonigle are notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to me.

GEORGE FOX,

Assignee of M. A. McGonigle et ux.

Altoona, Pa., January 16, 1891-6t.

TAKE FOR RHEUMATISM

GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the IMPORTED "ANCHOR" PAIN EXPELLER

IT IS AND WILL EVER BE

The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY. Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.

One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands: TERPSICHORE, Ill., Jan. 20, '90. Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, can't find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller. SCHOOL SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.

50 Cents a bottle, OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM F. AD. RICHTER & CO., 310 Broadway, New York.

European Houses: Ruddolstadt, Gry, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.

23 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED. FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

oct 3 1890 1y.

B. & B.

A JANUARY

Clearance Sale

In every department of the stores.

A sale that means much in way of bargains for careful buyers.

$300,000 worth of Dry Goods to be sold before our annual Iyventory, February 1.

Write for Samples

Of these Specials.

SILK DEPARTMENT—

19 inch extra heavy whip-cord surahs, all colors and black, 60c., regularly sold at 75c.

24 inch Black Faille Francaise, 90c.

22 inch Black Gros Grain Dress Silks, 95c.

23 inch Black Gros Grain Dress Silks, $1.00.

WOOL DRESS FABRICS—

48 inch plain colored Wool Cheviotts, 50 cents, just reduced from 65c. and 75c.

44 inch Plaids, 50c. 40 inch Astrakan Plaids, 75c., were $1.25 and $1.50.

Large variety of

ALL-WOOL

Dress Fabrics,

in checks and stripes, at 50c., that sold freely all season at 65c., 75c., 85c.

50 IN. ENGLISH SUITINGS,

Plaid and Stripe effects in large assortment, at 50s to 75c., goods that have sold all season at $1.00 and $1.25 a yard.

NOW FOR BARGAINS.

Write for samples, for prices or for a Catalogue. Mail orders a specialty.

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

LILLY INSURANCE & STEAMSHIP AGENCY.

FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES ISSUED IN GOOD RELIABLE COMPANIES AT VERY LOWEST RATES.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS ISSUED PAYABLE IN ALL PARTS OF EUROPE.

J. B. Mullen, Agent,

LILLY, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

February 14, 1890-1y.

NOTICE TO PERSONS

DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds !

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired. E. E. EVANS,

Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE !

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county. In the matter of the account of Anthony Anna, executor of John Hile, late of Elder township. And now, December 19th, 1890, on motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., S. L. Reed appointed auditor to make and report distribution of the balance in the hands of said executor.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on Wednesday, the 4th day of February, A. D. 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of the above mentioned appointment when and where all parties interested may appear or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. L. S. READ,

Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 9, 1891. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Henry Freidhoff, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Henry Freidhoff, late of Munster township, deceased, have been granted to me. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to SIMON CONRAD,

Administrator of Henry Freidhoff, dec'd.

Lilly, Pa., Dec. 12, 1890. 6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Wm. M. McNeelis, late of Clearfield township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

HUGH HAGAN, St. Augustine,

THOS. HAGAN, Gallitzin,

January 9, 1891. Auditors.

T. W. DICK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-18-90

GEO. M. READE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENNA.

Office on Centre street, near High.

We are with you, Boys!

EVERY TIME.

Should the strike last any time, GUS. SIMON, the people's favorite Clothier, will make a reduction of

15 PER CENT.

on all his stock of goods for the next four weeks to CASH BUYERS. Remember what this means 15 per cent. off on every dollar's worth of goods you purchase of me—$10.00 worth of goods for $8.50.

Our goods are marked all the same and we only do this to give everyone a chance to buy goods a great deal lower and also to reduce our very large stock on hand at present.

YOU CAN BUY | Dress Goods, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Gloves, (a specialty.)

Look at our Dress Goods. Look at our Overcoats and Suits. Don't keep back, but buy your Hats and Caps, Misses' and Children's Coats. Unless you buy at once you miss a bargain in Ladies' Short and Long Coats, Remember 15 per cent. on Ladies' Plush Coats, Long and Short. Don't forget to buy Shawl at 15 per cent off. You must also remember that the a that the reduction includes Furniture of all kinds.

All we have to say is, don't miss this sale as it will be money out of you pocket if you do. Remember this sale will only last four weeks, from January 8th until February 8th. Come one, come all and buy goods low at GUS. SIMON'S,

Gallitzin, Pa.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Specimen Copies and Beautiful Calendar sent Free.

COMES EVERY WEEK | READ IN 450,000 HOMES | STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS | 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS | TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE | SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY | CHARMING CHILDREN'S PAGE | WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS | FOR ALL THE FAMILY | ONLY $1.75 A YEAR.

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THIS SLIP

FREE TO JAN. 1, 1891.

To any NEW SUBSCRIBER who will cut out and send us this slip with name and address and $1.75 (in Postal or Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk), we will send THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FREE to January, 1891, and for a Full Year from that Date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year' Easter and Fourth-of-July, and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements.

Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

WITH $1.75

Everybody Reads the

Cambria Freeman.

Only $1.50 per Year.

Orphans' Court Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., the undersigned, administrator of William D. Price, late of Cambria township, in said county, deceased, will expose to public sale at the Court House, in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1891,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of John J. James, Obadiah Reese, estate of Peter Scanlan, John S. Davis and others, containing

130 Acres,

more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story

Brick Dwelling,

Bank, Barn and Outbuildings.

The above described premises are situate about one and a half miles East of the borough of Ebensburg and are in a good state of cultivation. The place is about a quarter of a mile from Bradley station, on the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third of the purchase money on confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest, to be secured with bonds and mortgage, or judgment notes of purchaser. The purchaser to have the privilege of paying the whole of the purchase money in cash. DAVID D. PRYCE,

ADDISON P. PRYCE,

Administrators of Wm. D. Pryce, deceased.

Cambria Twp., Jan. 9, 1891.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty-six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For Further particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or LUKE ROGERS,

December 12, 1890. Loretto, Pa.

A. FOSTER,

Formerly of the Firm of Geis, Foster & Quinn,

Is Located at 247 and 249 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.,

With a large and full stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Hosiery, Linens, Flannels, and Winter Goods.

Carpets and Oilcloths

of every description and everything in the line of House Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices.

ONLY $20 HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS. 15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO. 17 N. 10th St. Phila Pa.

HASTINGS HOTEL.

H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

H. H. MYERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENNA

Office in Opera House, Centre street.

QUEER WESTERN DUELS.

Curiosities of the Code of Honor on the Mexican Frontier.

Hard Fights for Life with the Lasso—Some of Farmer Peel's Notorious Achievements—Encounters on the Comstock—Underground Fights.

The riata duel is not a new thing on the Mexican frontier. Indeed, there is hardly a big cattle range anywhere that has not its stories of hard fights with the lasso. Such duels are bound to be fierce. But so skillful and quick do these rope-throwers become that such a duel not unfrequently lasts for hours.

Probably the best-remembered fight of this sort, says the San Francisco Examiner, was that between a Texan known as Kid Long and a little Mexican who was only spoken of as "Gabilan"—hawk—on the great Lievre range. They circled around each other, dodging the rapid throws from ten in the morning until after sunset. When the horses had almost given out the Texan threw at his adversary, who threw back so that his noose passed right over the other man's lasso and hand and caught him fair around the neck and under the armpit. In almost no time Kid was out of his saddle and being dragged over the ground at a rate that knocked the life out of him before he had gone a hundred yards.

The West, during its wild and woolly days, and the Mexican frontier have had many remarkable duels. That between "Farmer" Peel and a soldier near one of the forts in Utah is among the classics of the field of honor—or what has answered for that in the cow towns and mining camp. The weapons were rifles, revolvers and bowie-knives. The principals were placed on opposite sides of a hillock, around which ran a road, and started to meet. The curve of the hill prevented their seeing one another until they were within a hundred yards. As soon as they saw one another they both fired. Though part of the rim of Peel's hat was cut off and the soldier's sleeve was pierced, neither was hurt. Then they pulled their pistols and advanced, firing. Both dropped badly wounded when less than twenty yards separated them. They lay there spitting and shooting until both had emptied their weapons. Peel was desperately hurt, and his adversary had one ball through the stomach and several others distributed all over his anatomy. When they could shoot no more they lay for a short time swearing. Then Peel, who was so badly hurt that he could not advance even on his hands and knees, began to wriggle toward the fallen soldier. He pulled himself along with his elbows, and with his one uninjured hand finished the soldier with his bowie-knife.

Farmer Peel already had the biggest private graveyard of any man in the vicinity. This encounter spread his fame all over the coast, and when he went over to Nevada he received everywhere the homage of lesser knights.

They have lots of deadly encounters up there on the Comstock. There was one a number of years ago fought over half a mile underground. According to the evidence given at the inquest by the survivor, the two miners were working alone in a drift. They were rivals for the affections of a woman, and in a quarrel one made a drive at the other with his candlestick. A miner's candlestick consists of a metal socket attached to a sharp steel spike, so that it can be stuck in the face of the drift anywhere. The second miner defended himself with his candlestick, and there, thousands of feet under the ground, they wrestled and stabbed until one's life was gone. They did not come up when they should have gone off shift others went down in search of them. They found one dead and the other unconscious through loss of blood. The jury, of course, had to take the survivor's story of the affair, and he was acquitted.

A little blind canyon in the Sierra Madre used to furnish the Apaches with the means of formally settling their disputes. This gulch is fairly alive with rattlesnakes. When two bucks had a quarrel that they did not wish to settle off hand they repaired to this gully, and while the remainder of the tribe stood around and watched from the hills on either side, the combatants went together to where the serpents were thickest. There, stark naked and weaponless, they would wrestle. This would wake up every rattler in the glen. The aim of each was to force the other on to the angry snakes. It was not unusual for both to be bitten while they struggled and rolled among the rocks. Each was bound to remain and wrestle as long as his adversary had life or strength enough to struggle with him.

A most remarkable duel was fought at Las Carnitas, N. M., many years ago. An undersized stranger came to the town and picked a quarrel with "Handsome Harry," a gambler renowned as a dead shot. They got out into the road and both fell mortally wounded. It was discovered that the stranger was a woman, and though she never spoke after she fell, the story became known that she was a sister of a girl whom "Handsome Harry" had wronged years before.

THE SLATER LEGEND.

A Secret Revealed to a Cotton Manufacturer in a Dream.

An interesting centenary will be celebrated next December at Pawtucket, R. I., where Samuel Slater, on the 21st of December, 1790, virtually began cotton manufacture in this country, although previous efforts had been made. Slater, says Harper's Weekly, was a pupil of Arkwright, and as the English law forbade the communication of models of the cotton-spinning machinery to other countries, Slater, trusting to his memory, reconstructed it under a contract with William Almy and Smith Brown. But for some time he could not recall a small but essential part of the process, and the tradition is that in a dream he returned to England, examined the machinery, found what he wanted, and upon awaking completed his work successfully.

A recent article in the Evening Post alludes to this story. But many years ago Mr Slater himself related the circumstances to a gentleman in this country, who often repeated it in his family, from whom we have it. After long labor, working secretly, with the aid of one man only, Slater thought that he had put the machinery in running order, and invited a few gentlemen interested in the enterprise to see the happy result of his toil. Proud and excited, he essayed to start the machine, but it did not move. In vain he tried, and, mortified and grieved, he dismissed his friends, assuring them, however, that he should certainly discover the difficulty.

But he was deeply discouraged. All the day and night he pondered and examined and tested and tried to move the machinery. But still it remained motionless. At length, heart sick and weary, he leaned his head against the machine and fell asleep. As he slept he heard distinctly a cheerful, friendly voice, saying: "Why don't you chalk the bands, Sam?" He started up, broad awake, and knew at once that a slight friction in the working of the machine was what was wanting, and again summoning his friends, he saw in the smooth action of the jenny the triumphant result of his work. It is a pleasant story, and the Slater legend is not an invention, unless Mr. Slater deceived himself.

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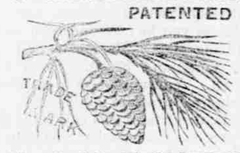

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Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES; they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the BEST OF TOBACCO and FRESH PINE NEEDLES.

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and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa. for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

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A SPITEFUL SPIDER.

He Engages in a Fight with a Thoughtless or Malicious Neighbor.

I saw the other day an example of genuine reasoning and bitter resentment exhibited by a spider, writes a St. Louis Globe-Democrat correspondent. In one corner of my yard, protected by an overhanging cornice and porch, there are several spider-webs, and in particular two, one directly above the other at a distance of about six inches, and each tenanted by a large spider. I was seated in a chair in the shade on Sunday afternoon when I noticed them and picked up a bit of a chip and tossed it into the upper web to see what the spider would do. He ran out and examined the chip, but quickly deciding that it was of no earthly value to a spider, set about getting rid of it. He was very methodical, and went regularly round the chip, cutting the threads on every side until the chip finally hung by one strand, which he severed, and it dropped into the web of the spider who was keeping house on the lower story. Out came the latter, thinking he had caught something, but when he found the chip his rage seemed unbounded. It evidently wasn't the first time his upper-story neighbor had dumped his refuse into the lower web, and he determined to stand it no longer. He went up the ropes like an athlete, leaving the chip where it fell, and in an instant was in the upper web and engaged in a deadly battle with its occupant. They had a terrible fight, and rolled over and over each other, biting and hugging with the utmost ferocity. At last in their tumbles they fell through the hole where the chip had been cut out and down into the lower web, which seemed to frighten the upper spider, who was a little larger, and after a few more tumbles he got loose and escaped up a rope to his own quarters, minus the whole of one leg and the half of another. The lower spider climbed half way up in pursuit, then stopped and seemed to reflect. He waited a moment, then concluded that he, too, had enough, so he went back and cleared out the chip and mended his web. I dropped two or three bits of straw into the upper web, but the big spider paid no attention. The other had given him a lesson; had, in spider language, set up a sign: "No Dumping, Under Penalty of the Law," and he was not slow to take a hint.

SHY'S GREAT RETREAT.

He Shot Six Indians and Then the Reds Gave Up Pursuit.

A gentleman passed through the city Sunday on his way to Excelsior Springs, says the Kansas City Times, whose name three or four years ago was one of the most popular in the daily press of that day. It was John T. Shy, of Deming, N. M., whose deed of heroism in saving his wife and family from massacre by a band of savage Apaches after a running fight of several miles will ever make his name a conspicuous one in the history of the West. The story is as follows:

Mr. Shy had settled on a ranch in New Mexico with his wife and young son, their place being seventeen miles from any other settlement. The ranch was attacked by a roving band of eighteen Apaches who sought to drive off the stock. Mr. Shy, who was well-armed, and had plenty of ammunition, placed his wife and child in a place of safety within the house and then opened fire, which was returned. The fight was waged for some time, till one of the Indians succeeded in crawling up and setting fire to the house. This necessitated flight; so, sending Mrs. Shy forward under cover of the smoke of the burning building, the husband and father, carrying his young son under his arm, made a dash for the cover of some thick brush which was growing near by.

An Indian's bullet went through the child's hip and lodged in the father's body, but the fight went on. Mr. Shy ran forward some distance, and then, dropping the child into the brush, would face about and fire at the leading pursuer, who would thus be brought to a standstill for a time, then another short flight and another stand to gain time for Mrs. Shy, who was fleeing in the front, and so the day was spent. The Indians finally gave up the chase, which had cost them no less than six warriors, and the exhausted fugitives managed to reach the city of Deming with their lives. The wounds received by both father and son were rapidly healed, and now, when the hostiles are forever expelled from or killed out of that neighborhood there is no more flourishing or happy family in New Mexico than that of valorous John T. Shy.

TOWED BY A 'GATOR.

A Thrilling and Dangerous Ride on the Tail of a Saurian.

David Yarborough owns an orange grove and an alligator farm on the St. Johns river, in Florida, where he spends his winters. When Yarborough bought this place, five years ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, he issued orders to his tenants that no one should be allowed to shoot alligators on the river at that point. He wanted them to grow and multiply until there were enough of them to furnish exciting sport. Not an alligator was killed on the place until last winter, when Yarborough took a party of friends down to the farm for a month's fishing and hunting. All along the river which bounded one side of the farm alligators were found in abundance, and shooting them was the favorite sport of the party.

One day Yarborough and his friends were out on the river in a small boat to try their luck fishing. They were very successful, and about sundown started home. As they approached the boat landing a huge 'gator was seen lying on the bank. Three shots were fired at him, but none of them reached a vital spot, and the alligator made a dash for the water, going straight toward the boat. The boat was within ten feet of the bank and the water was shallow.

The big saurian, in his mad dash for deep water, ran under the boat and overturned it. All the occupants were thrown out on the side next the bank and scrambled ashore except Yarborough. He fell the other way and struck the water right by the side of the alligator's long tail. Involuntarily he grasped the tail of the saurian, and before he fully realized what he was holding to was drawn out into deep water.

The 'gator did not go to the bottom, but seemed to be making for the opposite bank of the river. Feeling something on his tail he began to lash the water into foam, throwing Yarborough around like he had been a piece of cork. Realizing that he was now in deep water, and being a poor swimmer, Yarborough held on for dear life and shouted to his companions on the bank to come to his rescue. He was thrown astride the alligator's tail, and leaning forward clutched it with both arms as a drowning man would grasp at a life-preserver. The alligator increased his exertions to rid himself of the heavy incumbrance, and about the middle of the river Yarborough was thrown off, and at the same time received a heavy blow on the head which almost knocked him senseless.

His friends on the bank had righted the boat as quickly as possible and were pulling to his rescue with all their might. He managed to keep afloat until they reached him, when he was dragged into the boat more frightened than hurt. Next day Yarborough instructed his tenants to allow any one to shoot alligators who wanted to. He had had all the fun with them he wanted.

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Never has to be sucked, primed or thawed out.
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It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
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It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 32 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
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You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air for the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

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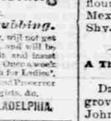

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ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Sores, Pimples, Pruriginous Affection, no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists or mailed by mail for 50 cts. 2 Boxes, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

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Job work of all kinds neatly executed at this office. Give us a trial.

THE ABLE BLACKSNAKE.

He Is a Bad Fighter from Away Back and Fears Nobody.

Ask any of the farmers or hunters in this part of Monroe County whether they are afraid of rattlesnakes, says a Canadensis (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun, and they will answer promptly that they don't mind them very much. Ask them if they fear blacksnakes, and they will say yes without the slightest hesitation. This fear of blacksnakes has come down to most of them from their parents with a story that none of them is ever tired of telling. They all declare that it is true, and it is so well known and is told with so much solemnity and evident fear by the natives that it is hard to disbelieve it. The story runs like this:

Many years ago a well-to-do farmer lived with his family near the barren land verging on Pike County. His wife was city bred and unused to many of the hardships that are a part of the farming woman's life. She was strong and hardy, however, with plenty of nerve and grit enough to make the best of things. One day, while her husband was working in a clearing a good distance from the house, she went down to the spring for a pail of water. As she stooped over to fill the pail a blacksnake, that had been lying coiled near the spring, jumped at her. She screamed and jumped back, but the snake had buried its fangs in her dress, and before she could recover herself sufficiently to shake him off he had wound himself about her so tightly as to prevent her from walking. Then he began slowly to crawl upward. The poor woman struck at the snake with her hands.

They were badly bitten, but she was so overcome with fright that she did not mind this, and kept on striking at him. The serpent kept crawling up until his coils were about her breast. She tried to tear him loose, but she was not strong enough. She became nearly paralyzed by terror. The snake finally coiled himself around her neck and choked her. She started toward the house, but she had only gone a short distance when she fell. In the evening she was found by her husband lying dead, with the snake still coiled about her neck.

This story, with the well-known fact that a blacksnake is ever ready and willing to fight any thing that lives, makes the native afraid of him, and the man who kills a blacksnake is thought to have won a greater battle than the slayer of a dozen rattlesnakes.

"You can't frighten a blacksnake," said one old hunter, "and the more you try to the more he ain't frightened. A rattlesnake is a coward, and will run if you give him half a chance. If he doesn't get the chance he will rattle in fear, and then strike in desperation. A rattlesnake's bite is not nearly so dangerous as many people suppose. All that you have to do to render the wound harmless is to cut it as deep as the fangs went, and then go to the nearest brook and wash it thoroughly. A common poultice will soon heal the wound made by your knife. But if a big blacksnake tackles you, and you give him the chance to get one coil about your body, why, then, look out, for it is your life or his."

HOW DID IT FEED?

Perhaps It Got Its Board Out of the Log That Surrounded It.

The following, says the Chattanooga News, is related by Frank Wyatt, of Rome, Ga., who has been visiting relatives at Martindale, on the Chattanooga, Rome & Columbus railroad, about thirty miles south of Chattanooga. Frank used to attend Sunday-school regularly and is considered a truthful boy, without much mulhattonism flowing in his veins. He says:

"My cousin owns a watermill, and in removing some obstructions found an immense log imbedded in the stream, which must have been submerged for a number of years. The log had to be cut in two to remove it, and much to our surprise we found it hollow although it had every appearance of being solid. One of the negroes while examining the log looked into the hollow and thought he saw something moving. He began using his axe and soon had the log cut into in another place.

"Imagine our amazement when we discovered a live catfish which had grown to an enormous size and length, and was so completely wedged in the hollow as to be unable to move except to open its mouth and wiggle its tail. The fish was very lively and apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health.

"The question is how did the fish get into the log as the only means of ingress or egress we could discover was a small, round hole not more than two inches in diameter. We surmised that he must have entered the little opening when no larger than a minnow and grown great in his solitary confinement."

DRESS-MAKING PAYS.

Fortunes Await Women Who Can Cut and Fit Properly.

Kate Reilly, a well-known New York dress-maker, tells a reporter of the World: "The woman who knows how to fit a dress properly can dictate her own terms, keep a carriage, wear 'purple and fine linen,' and recreate three months of the year," luxuries, by the way, in which this skillful artist is able to indulge.

Mme. Mary Ann Connelly has made dresses for all the wealthy women in New York, and to-day she owns a valuable corner on Fifth avenue and three of the handsomest cottages in Long Branch—cottages to which the Pullman, Childs and Drexel estates are not to be compared—argument and proof that dress-making is a good paying business—the possibilities of which are not appreciated by the intelligent women of New York who have their way to make in the world.

Now for some figures. Any woman who can cut and fit a dress-waist—not botch it, but fit it to the figure—can command a salary of $3,000 in any large city in the Union. More than that, she can be as pert as she likes, have all the privileges she wants, scold the help, boss the customer, and pad her back, shoulders and chest with hair cloth and cotton batting.

The forewoman who is able to take charge of an establishment, and originate designs can get a $2,500 position any day in the week, with a trans-atlantic voyage and all expenses paid for a Paris visit to see the styles.

A girl who can take a waist after it is fitted and trim it gets thirty dollars a week, and works from eight till six, with an hour for lunch.

Shirt-cutters, who never sew a stitch, are paid from $20 to $25, which is a much better salary than the average teacher in the public or private schools gets, and not any thing like as hard on the nervous system. Drapers earn from $18 to $20 a week, waist finishers from $10 to $15, skirt-makers from $5 to $10, and sleeve-hands are in demand at $8, which is a better salary than thousands of typewriters in down-town offices are getting.

A Premium on Marriage.

The Senate of Caracas has lately passed a measure embodying the taxation of bachelors on the ground that they enjoy peculiar privileges for which they make no return. Fathers of families, say the Senate, support children and promote the "meral perfection of society." All bachelors must therefore be taxed according to their incomes and the revenue thus derived shall promote the introducing of other people's children into Venezuela. Should such a law pass the American Senate a bachelor would soon be a "rara avis."

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